

# The Batchelors Delight,

Being a pleasant new Song, shewing the happiness of a single life, and  
the miseries that do commonly attend Matrimony.  
To the Tune of the Kings delight, or, The young mans advice to his fellow  
Batchelor.



The world's a Bitter Sweet with care  
much like unto a Bubble.  
Wherein poor men tormented are  
with women and with trouble,  
And every one that takes a wife,  
And sorrow to his life,  
and makes his burden double.

Whilst Adam was a Batchelor,  
in Eden he did tarry,  
It is an Eden upon earth,  
to live and never marry.  
Oh then what cause have we to grieve,  
To think upon our mother Eve,  
Who made us all miscarry

Samson, they say, was a Champion stout,  
that fill'd the world with wonder:  
The proud Philistines he did rout,  
his blows did sound like Thunder:  
But when he courted false Dalila,  
The wicked whoze did him betray;  
and so he was brought under.

Job was a man that open lay,  
unto the sight of the Devil,  
Who took his gods and sons away,  
but could we count him evil.

Because he left him still his Nurse,  
Oh no! he left her for a curse,  
As was his greatest evil.

A woman once was hang'd on a Tree,  
and some the Rope were cutting,  
Diogenes this sight did see,  
and spoke unto them thus saying,  
Would every Tree such fruit would bear,  
If so, fond fools those young men are,  
that e're would go a nutting.

A Thief once rode up Holborn-hill,  
towards Oliver Cromwells Palace;  
A man that boze him some good will,  
had begg'd him from the Gallows,  
A ho, (quoth he) I'll go to the Gills,  
And not be a Slave to my own self,  
As he on the Cart-god fellows.

Marriage is Honourable indeed,  
but tell me what's house keeping  
It makes the good mans Pockets bleed,  
his purse is alwaies weeping,  
Pay more, he's alwaies full of care,  
Whilst he that is a Batchelor,  
As fast and soundly sleeping.



A forward woman takes delight,  
to see her husband vexed,  
Both morning, evening, noon and night,  
the poor man is perplexd, (pouts  
his brows and frowns, the frowns and  
And to her speeches scoffs and frowns,  
are ever more annexed.

Though he hath been at work all day,  
as hard as he is able  
Yet when he comes home without delay,  
she bids him rock the Cradle,  
And if he doth the same refuse,  
The surly Queen will him abuse,  
and beat him with the Rodle.

He cannot quietly rest in bed,  
but every little season,  
The Child both cry and must be fed,  
and then the faith 'tis reason,  
That he should do't, and let her sleep,  
The poor man he must silence keep,  
for talking would be Treason.

When certainly a Batchelors life,  
is a most precious Treasure,  
He that doth suddenly marry a wife,  
will surely repent it at leisure  
For when he hath been snar'd and curbd,  
And almost all the night disturb'd,  
Yet must he rise at her pleasure.

Robin (quoth he) 'tis time to rise,  
and thumps him on the shoulder,  
The wags wants swelling in the sides,  
at length the speaker's holder.

Calling him Fool and Logger-head  
And with her feet quite out of the bed,  
she thinks the poor house-holder,

And therefore he that weds a mate,  
is like a horse in a tether,  
Marriage and hanging go by fate,  
and therefore chuse you whether,  
For the three destinies have spun  
And so Hymen and so Dun,  
then let them go together.

Man is a little world of himself,  
and therefore wanteth nothing,  
He needs not care for worldly stuff,  
to be have food and cloathing,  
And marriage is a scale thing,  
which sometimes both in love begins,  
and often ends in loathing.

And therefore I will single live,  
in spite of lust and passion,  
Pure Virgins good examples give,  
and worth our imitation  
For before matrimony arose,  
The mode of wearing yellow hose,  
and boyes were out of fashion.

And lastly to conclude my song,  
vain joy is but a Bubble,  
A double heart, and a double tongue  
hath fill'd the world with trouble:  
And therefore to a bold all strike,  
'Tis best to lead a single life,  
wee will have nothing double. Finis.  
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